

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 8 - 5th APRIL 1969

PRICE 1/-

A King finds
a lost baby
in the forest.
You can
read what
happens
next in the
wonderful
story of
Valentine
and
Orson
which starts
inside.



ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. When Aladdin arrived at the King's palace, leading a splendid procession of forty slaves, each bearing a tray of magic jewels, the King greeted him with open arms. "But what about the palace that will be built within a day?" asked the King.

2. Aladdin smiled. "Look over your shoulder, Your Majesty," said he and when the King saw the wondrous palace, he gave orders for his court to assemble at once. Then he sent for his daughter Princess Badroul who fell in love with Aladdin at first sight.



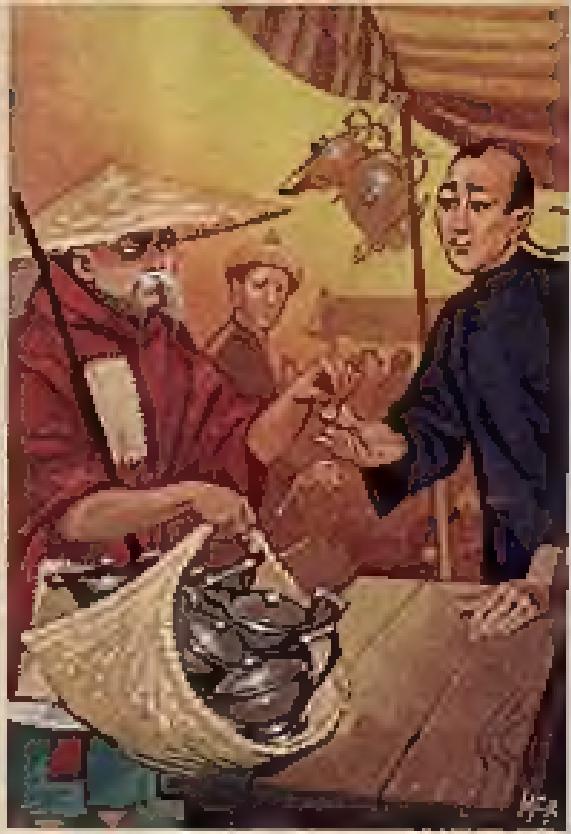
3. Aladdin's mother was very happy when Aladdin married the Princess. But whenever she was not very happy and that was the wicked Magician who had taken Aladdin to the underground cavern where he had found the magic lamp. In a far-off land far away he was weaving spells. "I must have the lamp," he was saying.



4. At last, by magic means, the Magician learned that Aladdin had not perished in the cavern but had escaped by using the magic ring which the Magician had foolishly given him. When he further learned that Aladdin was married to a Princess and lived in a palace, his rage knew no bounds.



5. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled as the Magician swore to have the magic lamp. He disguised himself as a poor old man and travelled to the land where Aladdin lived. In a market-place he asked a fat merchant about Aladdin. Soon he had learned all that he wanted to know.



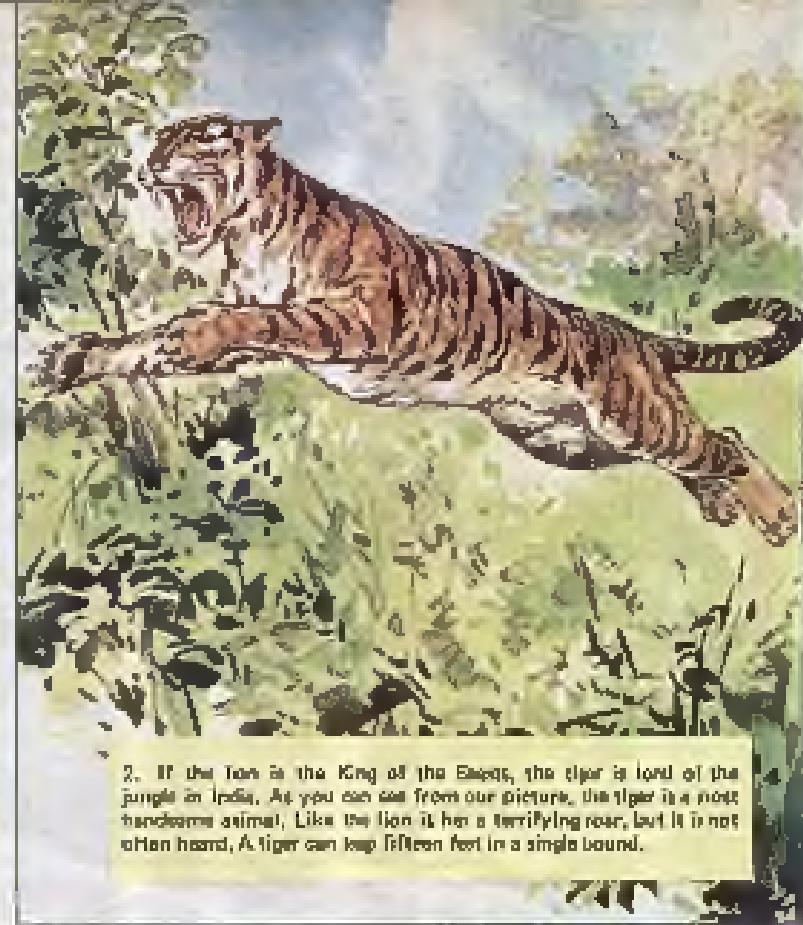
6. Then he worked out a cunning plan. He bought twelve bright new shining lamps at a stall in the market-place. "Ha, ha," he chuckled to himself, "The Magic Lamp will soon be mine."



7. He made his way towards Aladdin's palace and waited. Some time later Aladdin rode out, followed by several soldiers who threw gold pieces to some poor people. Aladdin was very kind but the Magician buried him.



1. If you ever go to the zoo, you will see some of the big cats. They are very fierce, so do not go too near them. Now here is the most famous of them all, the King of the Beasts, the lion, which lives in the wilds of Africa. Although it is a dangerous animal, it is also very brave, and it likes to lie in the heat of the sun for hours to rest.

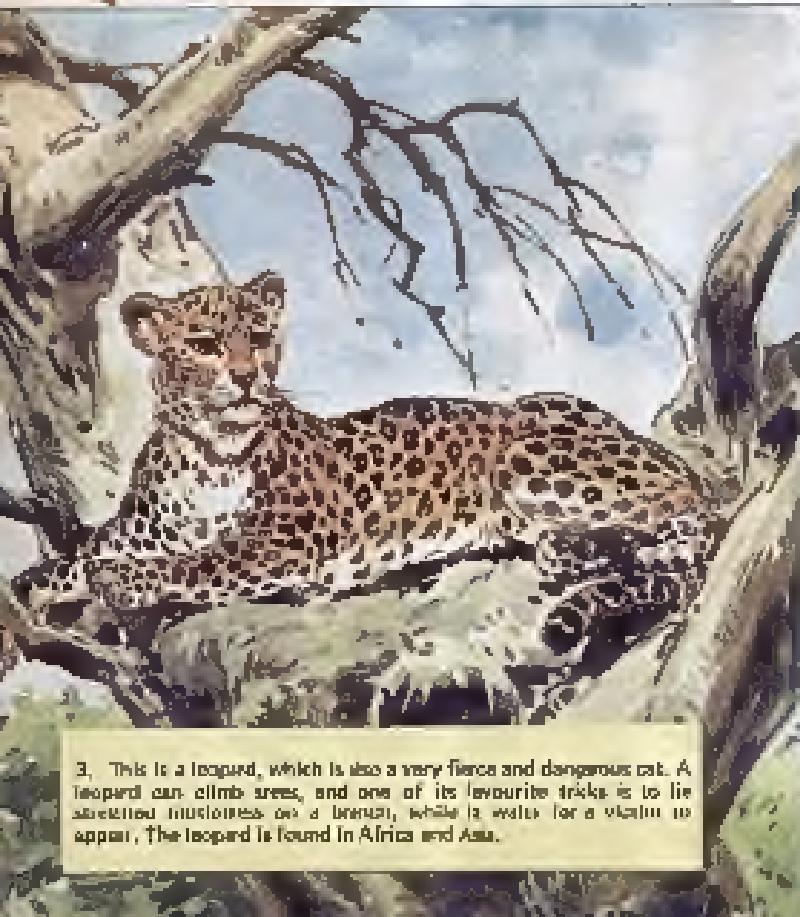


2. If the lion is the King of the Beasts, the tiger is lord of the jungle in India. As you can see from our picture, the tiger is a most handsome animal. Like the lion it has a terrifying roar, but it is not often heard. A tiger can leap fifteen feet in a single bound.

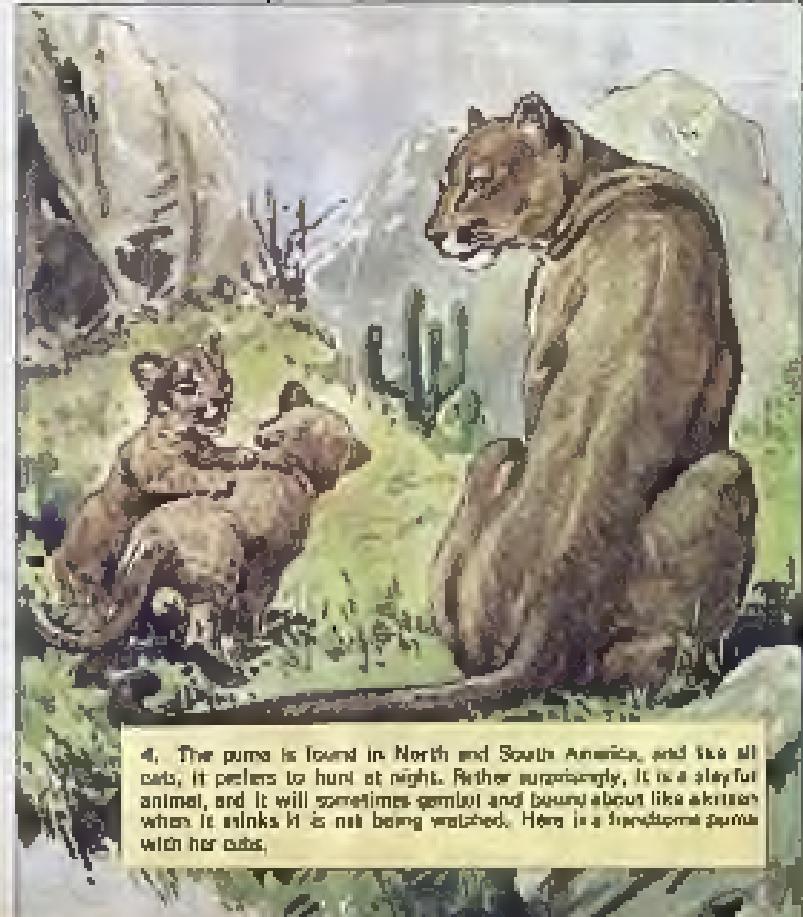


These are "Alberta" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Alberta. THIS WEEK:

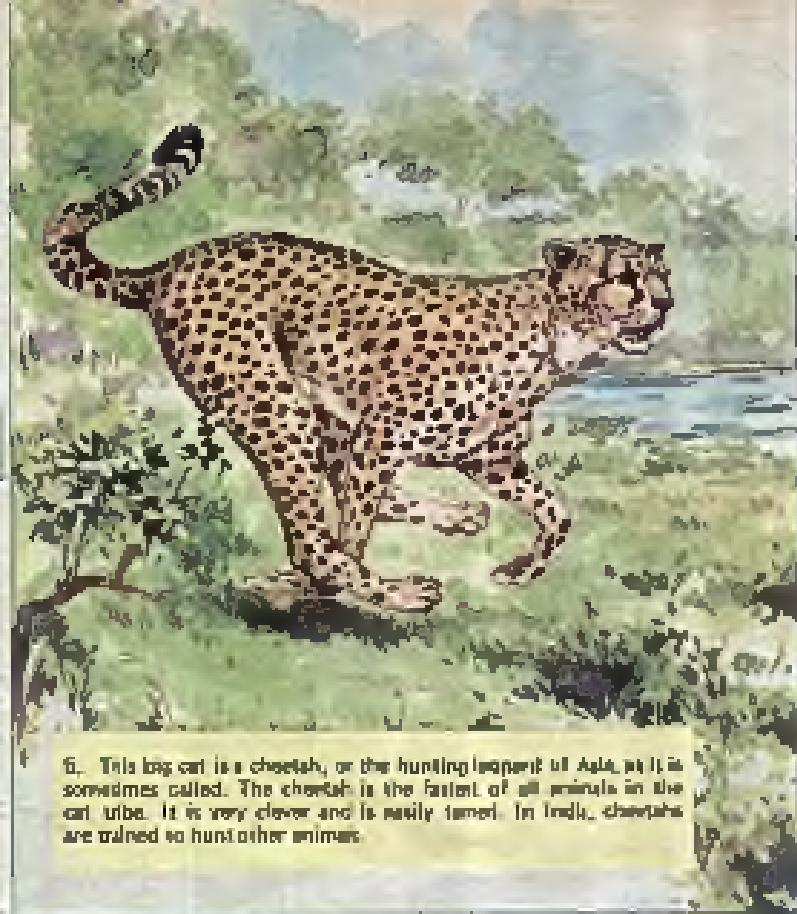
All Sorts



3. This is a leopard, which is also a very fierce and dangerous cat. A leopard can climb trees, and one of its favourite tricks is to lie stretched motionless on a branch, while it waits for a victim to appear. The leopard is found in Africa and Asia.



4. The puma is found in North and South America, and like all cats, it prefers to hunt at night. Rather surprisingly, it is a playful animal, and it will sometimes gambol and bound about like a kitten when it thinks it is not being watched. Here is a beautiful puma with her cubs.

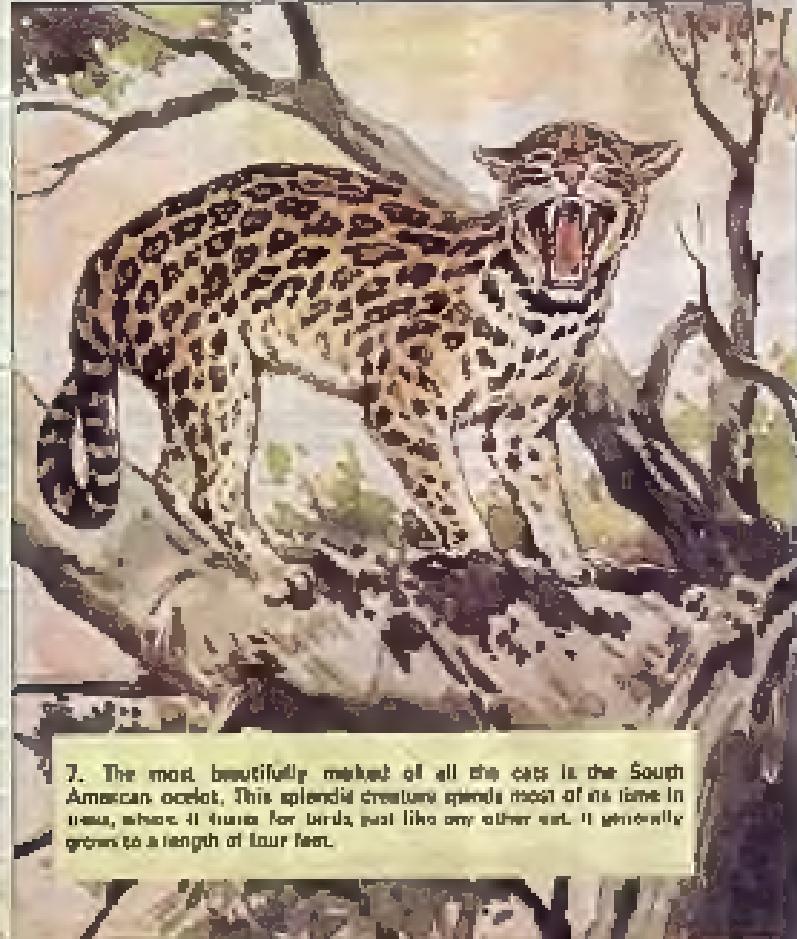


6. This big cat is a cheetah, or the hunting leopard of Asia, which is sometimes called. The cheetah is the fastest of all animals in the cat tribe. It is very clever and is easily tamed. In India, cheetahs are trained to hunt other animals.

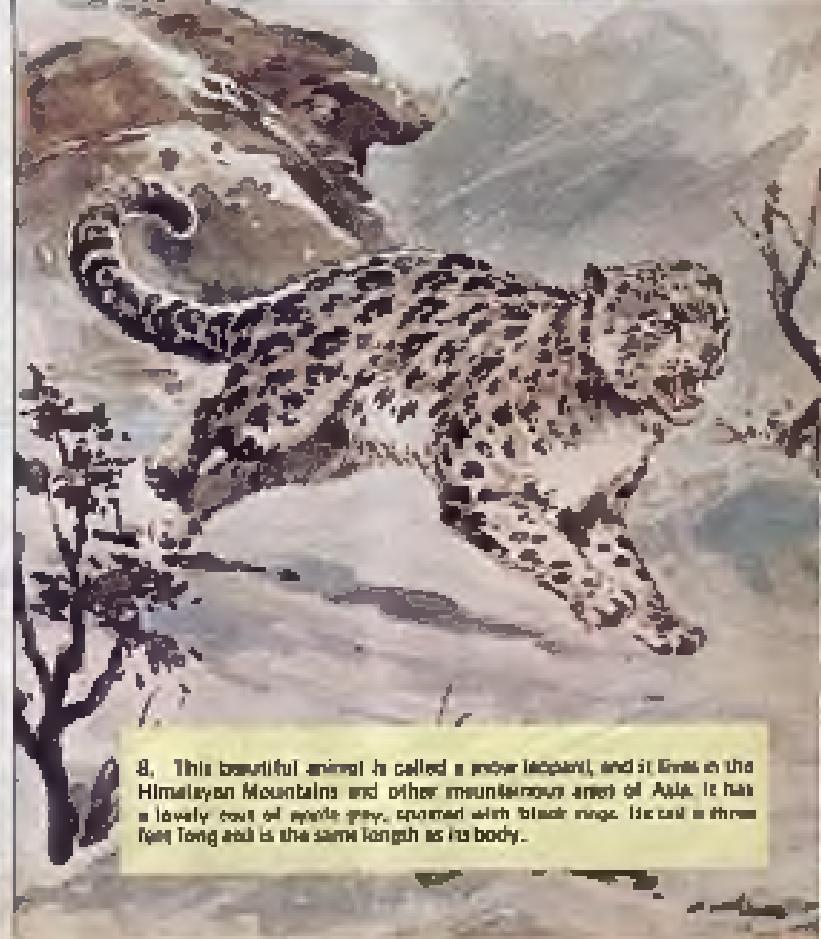


6. This is a Canadian lynx, and doesn't it look bad tempered? It is sometimes hunted for its fur, but it is not easy to catch because it can run very fast and can also make its escape if necessary, by swimming out of reach across a river.

of Big Cats



7. The most beautifully marked of all the cats is the South American ocelot. This splendid creature spends most of its time in trees, where it traps for birds, just like any other cat. It generally grows to a length of four feet.



8. This beautiful animal is called a snow leopard, and it lives in the Himalayan Mountains and other mountainous areas of Asia. It has a lovely coat of snowy grey, spangled with black rings. He and a three-toed tiger are the same length as his body.

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit breaks up a party. An old folk tale retold by Barbara Hayes.

NOW once upon a time, there was a smart rabbit, known to his friends as Brer Rabbit.

And Brer Rabbit needed to be smart, because the other creatures, like Brer Wolf and Brer Bear and Brer Fox, were always trying to catch Brer Rabbit, when he wasn't looking. They wanted to make him into rabbit stew for their dinners.

Brer Rabbit had to be mighty slippery and clever to keep out of the snapshot in those days, I can tell you.

Well, it so happened that one day Brer Fox had the idea of inviting some of the other creatures up to his house for a little get-together.

He asked Brer Bear and Brer Coon, but he didn't invite Brer Rabbit.

Of course, Brer Rabbit, who always kept his ears flapping around for the latest news, heard about the party and he felt very jealous.

"Well, even if I'm not invited," he grimed to himself, "I'll see that I have just as much fun as those that are invited. I just bet that I do!"

You see, naughty Brer Rabbit had decided to play one of his cheeky pranks on Brer Fox, just because he had not been invited to the party.

On the day of the party, the creatures who had been invited collected at Brer Fox's house and Brer Fox invited them in and gave them all chairs and they sat round laughing and talking. Then by and by Brer Fox got out some very tasty snacks and drinks and he just sat back and he said, said he, "Now all you good folk just help yourselves."

And believe me, they did all help themselves and what a jolly time they had.

Now I expect you are wondering what Brer Rabbit was doing while all this eating and drinking was going on.

Well, I can tell you that Brer Rabbit was mighty busy, mighty busy indeed.

Brer Rabbit was getting everything ready for playing that prank of his.

Brer Rabbit had a very fine drum, which he had found lying on the ground after one of Mr. Man's garden parties.

Now I don't think I have ever told you what a good drummer Brer Rabbit was — but a really mighty fine drummer he was, indeed.

Why Brer Rabbit could rattle the drumsticks on a drum and make it sound like the rolling of heavy thunder. Then he could flick those drumsticks even faster and make them sound like hailstones beating down with thunderclaps overhead.

Oh he was a mighty clever fellow was our Brer Rabbit!

So on the day of the party, Brer Rabbit took the drum and went up the road towards Brer Fox's house and first he played the drum so that it seemed to talk.

"Diddlybang! Diddlybang! Bang-bang!"

But Brer Fox and the others were laughing and talking and eating and drinking at such a rate that they didn't even hear Brer Rabbit.

Still Brer Rabbit went on marching up the road and now he was banging the drum, so that it sounded like the roar of mighty thunder.

And by and by, Brer Coon, who always kept one ear open for anything unusual, said to Brer Fox:

"What's that, then?"

And all the animals, they stopped and listened and coming up the road, they heard the mighty crashing of Brer Rabbit's drum:

"Diddlybang! Diddlybang! Diddly-bang-bang-BANG!"

Well, Brer Coon he began to feel mighty scared and he reached for his hat and he said, said he:

"Well, folks, I think it's time for me to be going. I told my wife that I'd only be here a minute, and I've been here half the day already!"



So old Brer Coon, he slipped out of the house as fast as his legs would carry him and he hadn't been gone more than a flash when the other scared animals ran out as fast as they were in a race and old Brer Fox, he was in the lead.

All this while Brer Rabbit kept drumming up the road:

Diddlybang! Diddlybang! Diddlybang-bang-bang!

Right up to Brer Fox's front door went that cheeky Brer Rabbit and called:

"Is there anyone at home?"

But, of course, there wasn't.

So Brer Rabbit went in and really made himself at home, sitting on the sofa and putting his feet up on the best chair, and tucking into the food and drink.

A mighty fine time Brer Rabbit had eating and drinking, but while he was enjoying himself so much the other animals were hiding in the bushes and listening.

After a time, when the other creatures didn't hear any more diddlybangs, they left a little briar and they crept up to Brer Fox's house to see what all the noise had been about.

You can imagine how cross they felt when they saw that scamp Brer Rabbit eating up all their goodies.

They crept into the room and suddenly shouted "Caught you at last, Brer Rabbit!"

And Brer Rabbit looked up and saw that he was caught, yet, well and truly caught this time.

Then Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer Bear put their heads together and they said:

"For frightening us like that and eating our party food, Brer Rabbit, you deserve to be thrown into the river."

Well when he heard that, Brer Rabbit's clever little mind began to work and he said:

"Throw me into the river if you like, but whatever you do, don't throw me into the river by Spring Creek!"

Of course, when he heard that, Brer Fox said he would throw Brer Rabbit into the river by Spring Creek — Brer Fox was that sort of fox. But Brer Bear, who was a little kinder, gave Brer Rabbit a walking stick to hold on to while he floated in the water. Brer Rabbit grinned at Brer Bear.

"Why, thank you kindly, Brer Bear," said he. "That's mighty nice of you."

Brer Bear twisted his toes in the dust.

"Shucks, Brer Rabbit, think nothing of it," he said.

You see, Brer Bear was really a great big stupid fellow who didn't want to hurt anybody. It was wicked animals like Brer Fox and Brer Wolf who were always leading Brer Bear into trouble and mischief and making him do what he didn't want to do.

Mark you, Brer Rabbit had also done his fair share of leading Brer Bear into trouble. But Brer Bear was not the sort of chap to bear a grudge even if he did like rabbit stew.

Well, the creatures lunged Brer Rabbit into Spring Creek, but how Brer Rabbit laughed, because the water scarcely came up to his ankles and he was able to run across to the other side and escape.

"Cheerio, Brer Fox!" he called. "I knew Spring Creek was shallow all along. That's why I asked you not to throw me in here because I knew that then you would."

Brer Fox was mighty cross, especially when he heard Brer Rabbit laughing in the distance. Another story about Brer Rabbit next week.



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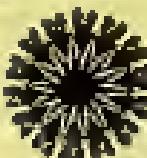
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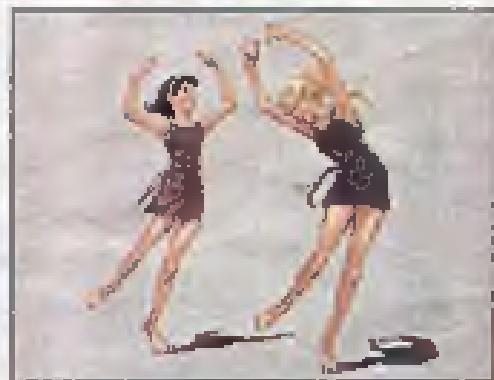
GALLOPING



CRAWLING



JUMPING



DANCING



SKATING



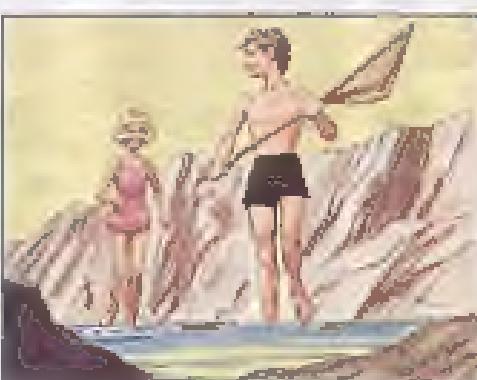
SWIMMING



FLYING



WADDLING



PADDLING



CREEPING



AT SEA WITH THE TEDDY BEARS



Here is some counting fun for you. The Teddy Bears are off to the seaside for the day. Under every picture there is a question. Try and answer the questions. You will have lots of fun. Then check your answers with the correct answers which are printed upside down at the foot of the page.



A. One little Teddy Bear is staying behind with Grandma. How many altogether are going to the sea-side?



B. Three little bears go with Mummy in a rowing boat. How many bears (not counting the boatman) are left?



C. Daddy has taken two little bears in a canoe. How many bears (not counting the boatman) are left?

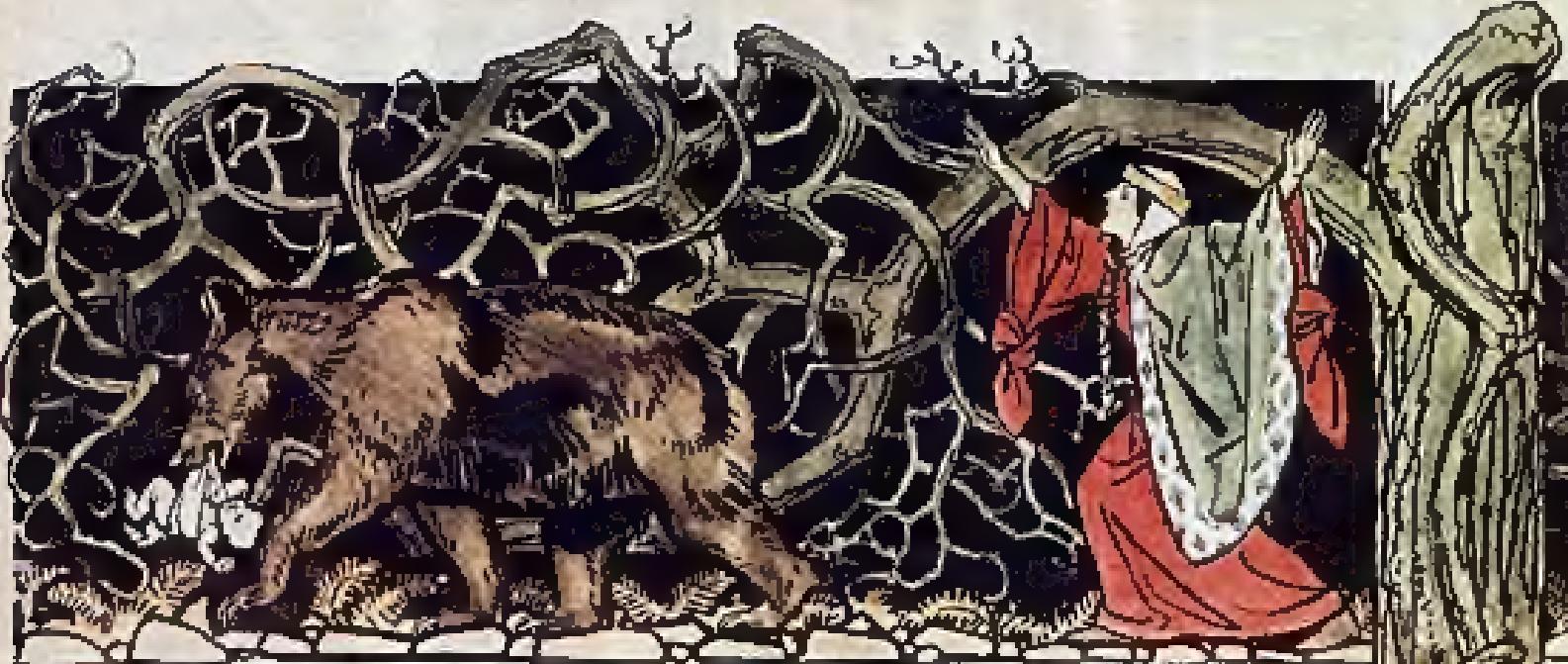


D. The boatman has taken the remaining little bears in a motor-boat. How many bears (excluding the boatman) are there in the picture?



E. The bears have all gone home for tea. How many little bears are seated in small chairs?

ANSWERS: A = 11, B = 7, C = 4, D = 10, E = 10.



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Valentine and Orson

THE story of Valentine and Orson is the story of two brothers.

They were twins and should have grown up together loving each other and learning to become brave knights and wise princes, as befitting their royal birth.

But when they were tiny babies Valentine and Orson were parted and although they did indeed grow up to be brave and wise, they grew to be brave and wise in two very different ways.

And although in the end they grew to love each other they had many and difficult adventures before they were able to stand proudly side by side as the princely brothers that they were.

So now I will tell you from the very beginning the story of the brothers Valentine and Orson.

Once upon a time the mighty land of France had a king called King Pepin. Handsome though King Pepin was, his sister, Bellissance, was beauty itself.

Bellissance was so lovely that kings and princes from far and wide came to ask for her hand in marriage.

"Many princes wish to marry you," King Pepin said to his sister, "but a princess of your beauty and goodness should marry a great prince with many riches and fine palaces."

So it was decided that Bellissance should marry Alexander, the Emperor of Constantinople.

He was indeed a fine rich prince and seemed a good choice, but really he was not the prince who should have been chosen.

You see Constantinople was a long, long way from France, especially in those days, when there were no cars or trains or aeroplanes, in those far-off times people either had to ride on horses or mules, which made travelling even ten miles quite an adventure. And Constantinople was many hundreds of miles from France.

So Bellissance was going to a land, where her brother could not keep an eye on her pillars,







BROWN BOB

The story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then have the person aged 10 and try to answer the questions about it.

ONE day a long time ago in the Wild West of North America there lived an old Indian called Sam Doone. He had a fine tall son called Little Tom and they both scoured for the best Indian country. They were almost out on the prairie fighting the Red Indians.

One morning Little Tom was out hunting when he found a poor half-starved dog with his paw held fast in a wolf trap.

Tom released the dog, bandaged its foot and gave it something to eat.

The dog, which seemed to be homeless, barked Tom that he was home at last and to say "Thank you very much. Will you please be my master?" Tom

grinned, started the dog ahead.

"Good dog," he smiled. "Well we got to be on the alert."

But when he remounted his horse and rode off, the dog followed him and from that day on the dog never left Little Tom. Brown Bob. Tom called him and Brown Bob used to follow Tom's Indians in a very hard Tom never expected.

One day, Old Sam Doone and Little Tom rode out after three wicked Indians who had been stealing cattle. They followed the trail of the Indians all day. That night they dismounted from their horses, lit a fire, cooked and ate a meal and then wished down to sleep.

Brown Bob went off to hunt

angry when they discovered what had happened.

But of course they had to wait until morning before they could pack up the trail of the Indians and their missing horses.

They followed the trail for several miles. Then suddenly Old Sam stopped and pointed ahead.

"Those Indians have headed into the hunting grounds of the Blackfeet Indians," he said to his son. "Then and so far Indians to all white men. We are following our trail of the Indians and are seen by any Blackfeet."

Little Tom thought for a few moments. Then he said, "We will wait until night falls and ride on Brown Bob's nose of smell. May be he can pick up the trail of our horses and lead us to them in the dark."

And that is what Brown Bob did. The horses were far from us and he snuffed out the trail and at last led the two boys to a campfire in the forest.

Quickly they crept up to the campfire and there made last supper and snuffed out the campfire when they were done.

Quietly they crept up to the campfire and there made last supper and snuffed out the campfire when they were done.

Before the Indians knew what was happening, they were the prisoners of the white men.

"How you two young war-hawks

were being seen by Blackfeet?"

One of the Indians growled as they rode through the dark night, as they did not like to be the first.

"The Tom laughed.

"You'd better ask my dog

Brown Bob," he chuckled.

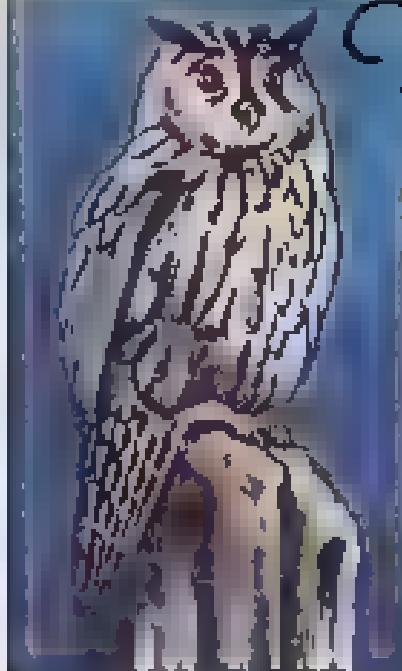
And Brown Bob looked up and answered him, "I'm barked." "You'll think nothing," but you'll

please you were once kind to a poor starving homeless dog."

Please turn to Page 18 for the question.



The WISE OLD OWL Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you!



1. Do you know who first thought of inventing the parachute?

Many hundreds of years ago there lived a very clever man called Leonardo da Vinci, Italy. "Vinci" He lived in Italy and he was a famous painter and sculptor. He was also always trying to invent things, and one of the many things he thought of inventing was the parachute.



2. Who flew the first kites?

The Chinese made kites hundreds of years ago. Even today the people of China still know how to fly kites. They have a special race each year which is known as the "Fest of the High Kite" when kites of all shapes and sizes are flown.



1. What animal is the crocodile's very best friend?

It is a creature called the Egyptian plover or crocodile bird which removes insects from the mouth of the crocodile. Because he is grateful for the service, the crocodile does not make a meal of the little bird.



2. What is the longest wall in the world?

It is The Great Wall of China which was built a long, long time ago by a Chinese emperor who needed to keep enemies out of his country. It is about 1400 miles long.



3. Eskimos eat a certain food which you would not like very much. Do you know what it is?

The food is called blubber which is the fat from animals like seals and walruses. The Eskimos eat it because they live in a very cold place, and blubber like oil is a warming food.



4. Who were the first to eat with forks?

The Italians were the first people to use forks, only a little more than three hundred years ago. Before then people used to cut up their food with knives and then eat with their fingers.

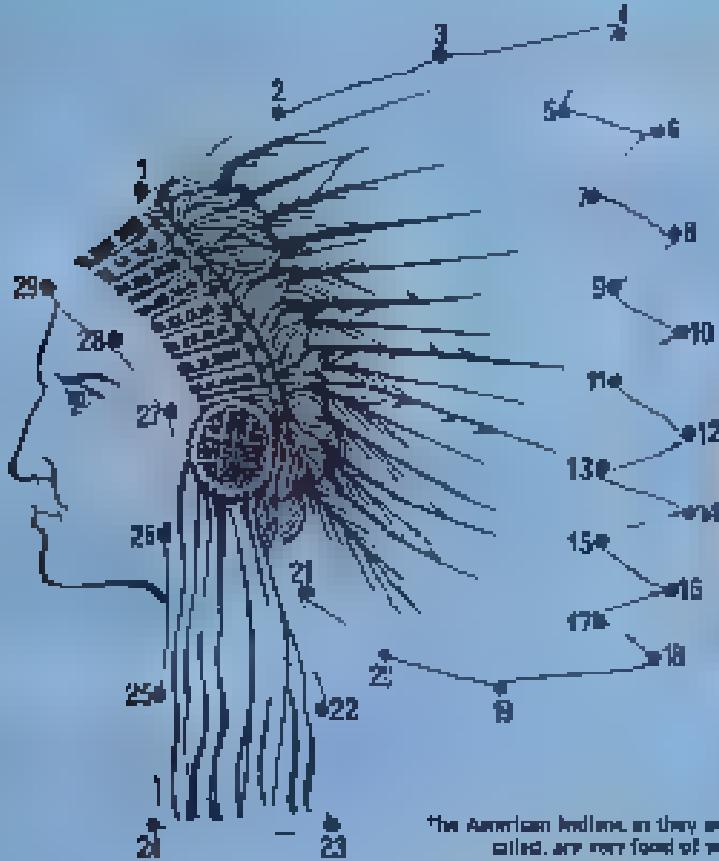


BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

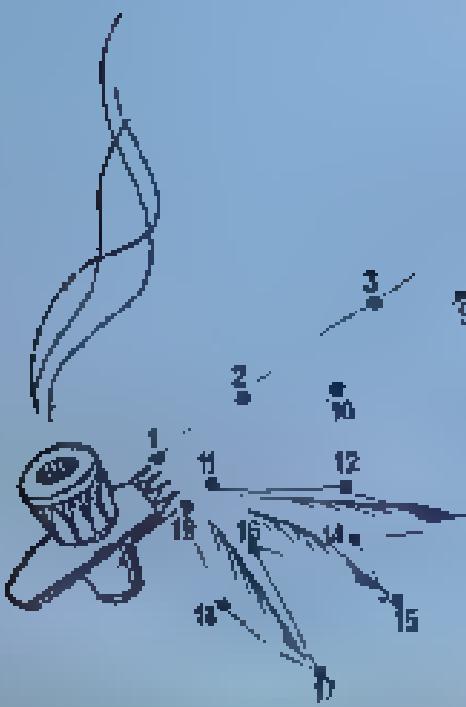
Here is a splendid photograph of an old, old castle. Looking at it one can easily imagine that perhaps once upon a time long ago a great giant lived here. Maybe if you were there and listened very carefully you could hear even today the echo of his mighty footsteps.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

When Christopher Columbus landed on one of the Bahama Islands on October 12th, 1492, he met some dark-skinned natives with long straight black hair. Columbus thought he had reached India and called the natives "Indians." Because of this, the natives of North America are still called Indians.



The American Indians, as they are now called, are very fond of wearing Northern Indian decorations. You can get them from No. 3 to No. 20 and will see a chief's war bonnet of eagle feathers. The Indians never live in peace with the white men.



The American Indians were a smoking
problem long before the white men
you join the Army from No. 1 to No. 19.
You will see 10 million Indians.



The Indians who run
were called Squatters.
In the time when
humans had no food, the
Squatters did all the
hard work in the
world presented. They
survived all the hard
times. They
gathered the
firewood and used
and took care of the
Indians, who were
capital passengers.
They were, however,
very impudent and
would be the
men who were not
allowed to cook their
meat when the Indians
first arrived.



PINOCCHIO



The Good Fairy has promised to turn Pinocchio the puppet into a real boy. To celebrate the event, Pinocchio is inviting his friends to a jolly breakfast.

PINOCCHIO, as was natural, asked the Fairy's permission to go round the town to issue the invitations; and the Fairy said to him:

"Go if you like and invite your friends for the breakfast tomorrow, but remember to return home before dark. Have you understood?"

"I promise to be back in an hour," answered the puppet.

Without saying more the puppet took leave of his Good Fairy, and went out of the house singing and dancing.

In less than an hour all his friends were invited.

How I wish tell you that among Pinocchio's friends and school chums there was one that he greatly preferred and was very fond of. This boy always went by the nickname of Candlewick, because he was so thin, straight and bright like the new wick of a little candle.

Candlewick was the laziest and the naughtiest boy in the school; but Pinocchio liked him very much. He had indeed gone at once to his house to invite him to the breakfast, but he had not found him. He returned a second time, but Candlewick was not there. He went a third time, but it was in vain. Where could he search for him? He looked here, there, and everywhere, and at last he saw him hiding in the porch of a peasant's cottage.

"What are you doing there?" asked Pinocchio, coming up to him.

"I am waiting for midnight, to start . . ."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Very far, very far, very far away."

"And I have been three times to your house to look for you."

"What did you want with me?"

"Have you not heard of my good fortune?" asked Pinocchio.

"What is it?"

"Tomorrow I am to be a puppet, and I become a boy like you and all the other boys."

"Much good may it do you!"

"Tomorrow, therefore, I expect you to breakfast at my house."

"But when I tell you that I am going away tonight . . ."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to live in a country . . . the most delightful country in the world; a real land called the 'Land of Bees.' Why do you not come too?"

"I? No, never!"

"You are wrong, Pinocchio. Believe

me, if you do not come you will be sorry. Where could you find a better country for us boys? There are no schools there; there are no masters; there are no books. In that delightful land nobody ever studies. Only think, the summer holidays begin on the 1st of January and finish on the last day of December. That is the country for me! That is what all countries should be like!"

"But how are the days spent in the 'Land of Bees'?" asked Pinocchio.

"They are spent in play and amusement from morning till night. When night comes you go to bed, and start the same life in the morning. What do you think of it?"

"Hm! . . ." said Pinocchio; and he nodded his head slightly as much as to say, "That is a life that I also would like to lead." Then he asked:

"Are you going alone?"

"Alone? We shall be more than a hundred boys," grinned Candlewick.

"And do you make the journey on foot?" asked Pinocchio.

"A coach will pass by shortly which is to take me to that happy country," replied Candlewick.

"What would I not give for the coach to pass by now! . . ." sighed the puppet.

"Why?" asked Candlewick.

"That I might see you all meet together."

"Wait another two minutes," chuckled Candlewick.

"Are you really certain that there are no schools in that country?" Pinocchio then wanted to know.

"Not even the shadow of one."

"And no masters either?"

"No."

"And no one is ever made to study?"

"Never, never, never!" and Candlewick shook his head.

"What a delightful country!" said Pinocchio, his mouth watering. "What a delightful country! I have never been there, but I can quite imagine it . . ."

"Why will you not come also?"

"It is useless to expect me. promised my Good Fairy to become a good boy, and I will not break my word. Goodbye, Candlewick: a pleasant journey to you, excuse yourself, and think sometimes of your friends."

Thus saying, the puppet made two steps to go. But then stopped, and turning to his friend he asked:

"But are you quite certain that in that country the holidays begin on the 1st January and finish on the last day of December?"

"Yes."

"What a delightful country!" repeated Pinocchio looking enchanted. Then, he added in a great hurry:

"This time ready goodbye, and a pleasant journey to you."

In the meantime night had come on and it was quite dark. Suddenly they saw in the distance a small light moving . . . and they heard a noise of talking, and the sound of a trumpet.

"Hark! it is!" shouted Candlewick, jumping to his feet.

"What is it?" asked Pinocchio in a whisper.

"It is the coach coming to take me. Now will you come, yes or no?"

"But is it really true," asked the puppet, "that in that country boys are never expected to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a delightful country! . . . What a delightful country."

At last the coach arrived; and it arrived without making the slightest noise, for its wheels were bound round with tow and rags.

It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys, all the same size but of different colours.

Some were gray, some white, and others had large stripes of yellow and blue.

But the strangest thing was this: the twenty-

four donkeys, instead of being shod with iron shoes like other donkeys, had on their feet men's boots made of white leather.

And the coachman? . . .

Picture to yourself a little man broader than he was long, flabby and greasy like a lump of butter, with a small round face like an orange, a little nose, that was always laughing, and a soft voice like a cat's.

The coach was quite full of boys between eight and twelve years old, heaped one upon another like herrings in a barrel. They were uncomfortable, packed close together and could hardly breathe; but nobody said Ohi — nobody grumbled. The thought that in a few hours they would reach a country where there were no books, no schools, and no masters, made them so happy that they felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor want of sleep.

As soon as the coach had drawn up, the little coachman turned to Candlewick, and with a thousand chuckles said to him smiling:

"Tell me, my fine boy, would you also like to go to the wonderful 'Land of Boobies'?"

"I certainly wish to go."

"But I must warn you, my dear child, that there is not a place left in the coach. You can see for yourself that it is quite full."

"No matter," replied Candlewick "if there is no place inside, I will sit on top."

And climbing up, he seated himself on top of the coach.

"And you, my love, . . ." said the little man, turning in a threatening manner to Pinocchio, "what do you intend to do? Are you coming with us, or are you going to remain behind?"

Pinocchio did not answer but he sighed; he sighed again; he sighed for the third time, and he said finally:

"Very well, I am coming, too," and he climbed up and sat down beside Candlewick.

The next moment the coach was off, bound for the 'Land of Boobies.'

There will be another story about Pinocchio next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 12. Try to answer the questions and then reread the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the name of Rille Tam's father?
2. How many Red Indians were they chasing?
3. Whose hunting grounds did they enter?
4. How did Brown Bob lead the scouts to the Indians' wigwam?





This is the Great Pyramid of Giza, one of the ancient wonders of the world. It is said that a thousand slaves toiled for twenty years to build the Great Pyramid. It is actually a tomb of an Egyptian King, called a Pharaoh (say Pakoh).



Do you now wonder why a bee buzzes? The noise is made by its wings which move very quickly indeed. The air surrounding the wings vibrates and it is these vibrations that make the buzzing sound.

Here every week you will be able to read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

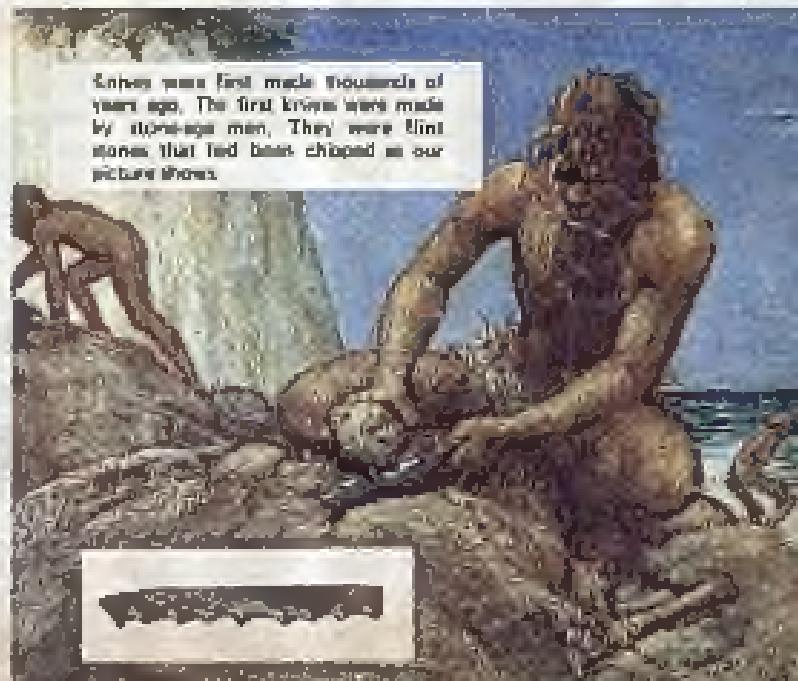
Facts which have been gathered for you from all over the world



It is not always easy to get death in a fish's mouth, but many fish have teeth in the roofs of their mouths. Then again, some have teeth in their throats and others on their tongues.



One of the swiftest creatures is the kangaroo. It may not be able to fly but it can run at a speed of nearly forty miles per hour. It can run all day long for a very long way, too.



Before you first made thousands of years ago. The first knives were made by stone-age men. They were thin stones that had been chipped as our picture shows.